

King J O H N

A

P O E M.

In Answer to the

LILLIPUTIAN QUEEN,

A

P O E M

Address'd to the CHESTER LADIES.

W I T H

A DEDICATION to the LADIES of Chester.

By D^r Nat. Lancaster?

*Vixi puellis, nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria:
Non sum qualis eram.* — — —

H O R A T.

L O N D O N :

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A Declaration of the Rights of the People

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TO THE

Ladies of CHESTER.

LADIES,



THE *ensuing* POEM must of Course belong to You, being so intimately acquainted with the *Subject* of it; I am sure none can mistake what I say, who are not great Strangers to your *Merit*, as well the *Years* and *Character* of my *Hero*.

He wou'd certainly be a *very pretty Fellow*, according to the modern

A 2

Stand-

DEDICATION.

Standard of Gallantry and Politeness, but for that unpardonable Fault *old Age!* a Thing so insufferable! that unless it be *old* indeed it's good for Nothing; and then truly it has one *promising* Quality, provided the *Nymph* has but Discretion enough to make herself a commodious Bargain.

This Way of thinking is so natural, and has been so often put in Practice by the Wisdom and Artifice of our Sex, that I am surpriz'd a Man of KING JOHN'S discerning Judgment, did not impute my Conduct to Motives of this Nature. Perhaps he thought it too great a Complement both to my *Age* and *Understanding*; however, he has done
me

DEDICATION.

me the Favour to represent me entirely disinterested in Point of Avarice, or Vanity. ---- And, he might have added every Thing else, while he was considering his *own dear self* as the *Object* of my Wishes.

As I had little or no hand in *following Performance*, more than the Honour of transcribing from my *kind and generous Advocate*; it becomes me with due Gratitude publicly to acknowledge the Greatness of the *Obligation*; which I now do with the utmost Sincerity, and make You, *Ladies*, my Witnesses.

I don't know how you will think yourselves us'd by the *Address* of the LILLIPUTIAN QUEEN, intended,

DEDICATION.

tended, as the *Author* declares, for your *Diversion*: but, surely! the *Product* of his *Ale*, with the *Elegance*, and *Modesty* of his *Peice*, made it but decent for him to have *pointed out* the *Ladies* whose *Pleasure* he consulted; and declared in what *Alleys*, *Corners*, or *high Places* they liv'd. I am sure no *Imputation* of this Kind can be justly retorted upon my *GUARDIAN MUSE*; who yet, begs *Pardon* for those *Levities* that were unavoidable, in pursuing and exposing such *loose*, and *unman-nerly Reflections*.

I am, with all Respect,

L A D I E S,

Your Most Faithful,

Humble Servant,

LILLIPUTIAN KATE.

King JOHN:

A

P O E M.



HE pointed SATYR, and the genial
FIRE,

Which PHOEBUS dictates, and the
NINE inspire ;

Assist my *Verse*, and tune my *artless Song*,
To sing a *feeble injur'd Woman's Wrong*!

Shall impi'us *Bards*, inspir'd with *muddy Ale*,
Claim the presumptuous Privilege to *rail*?
Prophane PARNASSUS, and, in *wanton Sport*,
Revile APOLLO, and his *awful Court*?

And

And not one MUSE, inflam'd with *sacred Ire*,
 Chastise the *Witling*, and correct the *Sq---* !

No, THALIA crys! --- the Purpose is decreed,
 The *Wretch* shall suffer for the *guilty Deed*;
 The *lawless Scribler*, and his empty PAGE
 Shall know and feel a GODDESS' *keener Rage*!

Nor arduous is the Task ---- to *write* and *sign*;
 Be That *yo'r* Care --- the trivial LABOUR *Mine*.

“ What Rashness urg'd, what Folly mov'd

KING JOHN,

“ In *scornful Terms* to talk of *HELICON*;

“ O'er lusty *Fuggs* of *Porter* thus to rail,

“ And *swell* with *windy Belch* the *fulsome Tale*?

“ Was it, alas! that *Helliconian Wares*,

“ Tho' so much better, yet are dear and scarce

“ And did thy parsimonious Temper, *Sq---*

“ Refuse to bid a single Farthing higher?

“ A

“ As sickly Misers venture *Death* — to save
 “ Th’ Expence and Charge of *Physick* — in a
 “ *Grave*.

“ Or, was it, rather, that no *genuine* BARD,
 “ Who *Help* invokes, and is by *PHOEBUS* heard,
 “ Wou’d prostitute so low the *Heav’n-born*
 “ *Muse*,

“ To sing in *Language* only fit for *Stews*?

“ Whate’er the *Cause*, or whencefoe’er it rose,

“ It do’s *thy self*, and not thy *Theme* expose.

“ Or, say — for *Charity* shou’d hope the best —

“ Ar’t thou a perfect *Stranger* to the *Fest*?

“ And has some *Wretch*, audacious, and unseen,

“ Usurp’d thy *Title*, and assum’d thy *Spleen*;

“ Deceiv’d, as well he might, th’ cred’lous *Town*

“ With *Sense* and *Argument*, so like *thy own*?

“ Make

“ Make this appear — and from my *Rage* divine

“ Thou stand’st discharg’d — or else, the *Guilt*

“ is *Thine*.

“ What *Virgins* Those — Those *modest*

“ *Matrons* too,

“ Who might your *DECENT Lines* unblushing

“ view !

“ To *Whom* with *wily Art* you wou’d *Address*,

“ And hope from *Lewdness* to obtain *Success* :

“ Is it at *C—R* that such *Language* goes

“ For *modest Freedom* with the *Belles* and *Beaux* ?

“ Forbid it *Heav’n* ! sooner shall *T—LL* speak

“ In *vulgar Terms*, nor *learned Phrases* seek !

“ As soon shall *N—s* fly to *B—s Arms*,

“ And to his *moving Verse* resign her *Charms* !

“ Had *poor unmeaning Lilliputian KATE*

“ With *Sense*, or *Satyr*, but provok’d thy *Hate*,

“ Slight

" Slight were the *Wounds* a manly Soul to vex;

" A *Woman's Wit* is licenc'd by her *Sex* :

" But when the *harmless Scribler* nought intends

" But meer *Amusement* to herself and *Friends*,

" Who but a *Scoundrel*, or a vile *Paltroon*,

" With so much *Venom* wou'd her *Name*

" lampoon?

" Self-conscious of the *Scandal* that he writ,

" As full of *Malice*, as 'tis void of *Wit*!

Her Spouse, good *Man*! with *Foy* resign'd his

Life,

To leave a troublesome, and cr--ing *Wife* :

" Yet mutual *Love*, and *Peace*, and *Pleasure*

" shed

" Their smiling Infl'ence o'er the genial *Bed*!

" Unbated *Passion* both the *Lovers* warm'd

" And frantick *Rage* and *Jealousy* disarm'd:

" In *her* he liv'd; for *her* relenting dy'd;
 " And left *her* dead to all the *World* beside!
 " How much *She* griev'd! what *Multitudes*
 " can tell,
 " Who saw the Grief, that did her *Bosom* swell!
 " The rooted Sorrow, and the deep Despair,
 " That prey'd incessant on the *widdow'd* Fair!
 " O! real Anguish! and sincere Distress!
 " Which hardly *Time* itself cou'd dispose of!
 " But what can't *Time*! that secretly consumes
 " ASPIRING DOMES, and *monumental Tombs*!
 " EV'n *WILLIAM* is forgot! and *MALBRO's* *Fame*
 " That fill'd your *Ears*, do's scarce your *Notice*
 " claim!
 " Such pious *Tears* (a decent *Tribute*!) paid
 " To a fond *Husband's* dear departed *Shade*,
 " *En-*

“ Enroll poor KATE in the *Records of Fame,* ”

“ And blast the *Envy*, that wou’d blast her *Name*! ”

“ If *Length of Time* has since assuag’d her

“ *Pain,* ”

“ And dry’d those *Tears*—so pity’ng *Heav’n’s*

“ *ordain!* ”

“ (For who the *Weight of human Life* cou’d bear,

“ Were *Sorrows* lasting as they are *Severe*?) ”

“ What *Levity of Conduct* has appear’d ”

“ *Injurious* to a *Name* so much *endear’d*? ”

“ Is it a *Crime* to combat anxious *Grief,* ”

“ And seek from *Verse* and *Company* *Relief*? ”

“ To sooth with *Art* the poor *Remains of Life*; ”

“ *Guiltless of Slander,* and averse to *Strife*? ”

“ Are *harmless Pleasures* now — now *pious*

“ *Pray’rs,* ”

“ *Wanton Capriches* and *immodest Airs*? ”

“ Where ”

" Where then shall *Virtue* but in *Cloysters* dwell?

" And by *not living*—boast her *living* well.

" *AUTUMNA* rattles thoughtless o'er her *Tea*,

" And talks of *Fellows* all the livelong *Day* :

" *AUTUMNA*'s privileg'd, sure, more than *Kate* :

" She is, it seems, scarce turn'd of *Fifty Eight*.

" *CLOE* eternally do's *Plays* rehearse ;

" And adds a *Grace*, and *Humour* to the *Verse* ;

" Who censures *CLOE*'s *fond* inviting *Air* ?

" The Reason pray ? —She's blooming and

" She's fair.

" Yet *Plays* a perfect Model were design'd,

" To raise the Genius, and exalt the Mind ;

" Nor *Age* shall blush to learn from *Rowe* and

" *Steel* ;

" Or fear Impressions, which the Guilty feel.

A wanton Widow, urg'd by Cupid's Wile

*To court ev'n Impotence! 'twou'd make One
Smile!*

"Cou'd th' *Atalantis* such cool Thoughts inspire,

"Or what cou'd rigid *Virtue* more require?"

"Not so *HYEMIA*, who better knew

"What active Feats a vig'rous *Youth* cou'd do;

"Resign'd her *Purse*, and *Wrinkles* to his Arms,

"And blest the Lover with her *golden Charms*!

"No—*CUPID*'s self, tho' artful to deceive,

"In *such a Case*!—what *Woman* cou'd believe?

"For this Offence the *sly malicious God*

"Had felt the Vengeance of his *Mother's Rod*;

"She'd stript him quickly of his *Bow* and

"*Arrows*;

"And sent the *Urchin* crying to his *Marrows*.

"But

"But to say Truth—'Tis Malice of the

"KING's:

"CUPID's a GOD — And GODS know better

"Things.

"Here, *Kate*, the GODDESS cry'd—with utmoſt

"haſte

"Diſpatch this Letter to your KING—nor waſte

"A Moment's Time—but ſign what I have ſaid:

"'Tis THALIA's Will—*Kate* inſtantly obey'd.

LILLIPUTIAN KATE's Reply to
KING JOHN.

S I R,

I Receiv'd your learn'd *Epistle*,

For which you pump'd, ſhook Head, and
whiſtl'd;

Call'd on the *Muses*---but ne'er ſtaid

(It's plain) one Minute for their Aid.

PORTICO

Who

Whoe'er officious did trouble 'ee
 With *Lines* from me, did only bubble 'ee;
 And drew 'ee in with sly Design,
 To broach a Hoghead of your Wine.

Whether I wrote, or wrote 'em not,
 Ne'er matters now a single Groat;
 Since *All* you can infer from thence,
 To say the worst—is *Want of Sense*.
 What if *fine Roofs, and shining Spires*
 Had rous'd a *Woman's* vain Desires?
 Are they not Charms that often take
 With Females of *aspiring* Make?

A *Coach and Six* ('Tis *Garth's* wife Sentence)
 Is a rare *Veh'cle* for Repentance!
 The *Train* and *Equipage* that wait
 On *pompous Titles* and *Estate*,

C

Have

Have more command of *Women's* Hearts,
Than *Cupid* and his *boasted Darts*.

Then --for *Precedence, Rank* and *Station*,
Which keep *Things* in Subordination;

And gratify that graceful *Pride*,
Which squints at all the *World* beside;

Such *Charms* as these do strongly Shine
To *Eyes* as weak as *Tours* and *Mine*.

But none of *these fine Things* You say
Were Motives that led me astray;

But something else You dar'n't name,
Unworthy of my *Age* and *Fame*.

Yet here, what You design for *Satyr*
Puts a strange Face upon the *Matter*;
And proves the *Charge* so far from true,
That it retorts the *Guilt* on You:

PORTICO.

For

For had I been so *wise* a Judge
 To take my *Johnny* for a Drudge;
 And did I not, like Others know
 O---was *All* you had to show,
 I must have been too great a *Novice*
 To help my *Dearee* at his *Office*;
 And wond'rous knowing for my self,
 To chuse an *old* and *f—g Elf*
 For any *Use* but *Pride*, and *Pelf*.

“ *Can shiv'ring Age e'er san Love's Fire?*
 KING *John* do's *other Helps* require;
 And prithee *what* cou'd *Kate* desire?
 Speak out my *Love!* your *real Thoughts*;
Virtue and *Age* are griev'ous *Fau'ts!*

Now---for your farther *Innuendos*,
 Which put 'ee to *Se--defendendos* ;

The Fictions of a *feeble Brain*
 With very *Age* gone young again!
 Well --- " This was *Cupid's* fly Abuse:
 Still worse and worse! do's *Cupid* use
 To put such *Tricks on Travellers*,
 And risk his *Arrows* and his *Ears*?
 (For *petty Gods* are bound to ans'er
 To *Jove*, for *Forgery* and *Slander*)
 Cou'd *Cupid* know me for a *Woman*
 That *burnt* with *Love*, and *Rage uncommon*,
 Yet hope to pass this *Cheat* upon me?
 Why Hearkee me! my *cruel Honey*!
 The *God* indeed they say is blind;
 But what of that! he's *right* behind:
 This were such *Weakness* in the *Boy*,
 As You might see with *half an Eye*:

And

And surely I, who yet have two,
 Might hope to see as far as You.
 That Want of *Sight* did e'er infer
 The Want of *Judgment*—None aver:
 Else, 'ware your HOMER and your MILTON,
 And *You* whom *Art* shew'd so much *Skill* on.
 Tho' 't might be dangerous to try
 Experiments upon the Eye;
 So near the *Seat of Sense*—the *Brain*;
 Where Odds! but *Reason* wou'd be slain;
 And barricado'd at *her* Door,
 T' open *Sense* and *Light* before;
 And this from fly Communication
 Of Nerves and Fibres Situation:
 Yet since *Thou* hast recover'd Sight,
 You've got a *glaring Prospect* by't;
 But as for *Retrospect*—good Night!

Here

Here let me ask—KING *John* of *Mine*,
 What *Science* taught thee to refine
 Thy *native Stile* to *Billinggate*,
 And write plain *B—y* to thy *Kate*?
 Had'st Thou so long been us'd to *gr—g*,
 'Till *C—n* thy *Eyes* did open,
 That both thy *Head*, and *Heart* were tainted,
 And with unclean *Ideas* ha'nted?
 For *Nature*, like a froward Child,
 By fond *Indulgence* may be spoil'd;
 And learn such *Humours* and *Capriches*,
 As hard to cure as *Plague* or *Itch* is.

The *Maidens* which I thought to give thee,
 Were only meant, if thou'lt believe me,
 As *Guards du Corps* to good KING *John*;
 Pure handy *Hus'ifs* ev'ry one !

Thefe

These *Guards du Corps*—in *CHESHIRE*—*Tenters*,
 (For *Cheshire Folk* are All *Dissenters*,
 And *Scruple to Conform*—you know,
 And *Speak*, as other *Christians* do)
 This *active Guard*, as full of *Care*
 As *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* about the *Fair*,
 Cou'd cut thy *Corns*, or warm thy *Broth*;
 And feed, or clo'th thee, one or both;
 Cou'd don thy *Robes*, of *Serge*, or *Tissue*;
 And warm thy *Bed*, or dress thy—:
 Assist thy *Cough*, and beat thy *Back*,
 And mull thy *Wine*, or whey thy *Sack*:
 Spread *Plaisters* for thee, wash thy *Linnen*,
 And others thou might'st set a *Spinning*;
 In various Sort employing *Aw*,
 Thro'out thy *Grand extensive HAW*!

And

And was n't this a *fine House warming*
 For *Jobnny* when he went a Farming?
 But *He's* for "*Raising drooping Nature,*
 "*And putting Life into dead Matter*";
 Which, if the only Thing you want,
 'Tis more than *VENUS* self can grant:
 Or, if you think not, prithee try'er;
 And tell the *Goddeſs* your Deſire.

If it ſucceeds, " then hey! for Pleaſure,
 " With Appetite renew'd and eager!
 " Soft melting Thoughts, and warm Deſires,
 " Which fair *Miranda's* Face inſpires!
 " Her glowing Bloom, her *youthful Scat,*
 " How *JOHN* cou'd feaſt at ſuch a *Treat!*
 " Wou'd *Nature* but conſent, and *Fate?*"
 And that they may—*Amen!*—ſa'es *Kate.*

Thus

Thus much to shew I can forgive

The greatest Enemy alive.

But if it fails, — as oh! I fear;

For *Miracles* are scarce and rare;

And seldom seen as *Confirmations*

Of loose and wild *Imaginations*.

Pay “ *friendly Visits*,” say yo’r *Prayers*

And live at Ease from am’rous Cares:

’Tis *Nature’s* Voice, when *Art* denies

To yield her *wasted Lamp* Supplies;

To wind the *Spring*, relax’d and down,

And put old *Organs* into *Tune*.

Perpetual Motion there is none:

But *That* which go’s on *F—y’s* Tongue;

Where Words on Words in quick Succession,

Prevent all Danger of Suppression.

D

Take

Take good Advice then, leave yo'r *Scoffing*;
 And timely think of *Shroud and Coffin*;
 But yet, if after *Death*, you hope,
 By *Dispensation* from the *Pope*,
 For *Absolution* from the *Crime*
 Of *B—y Verse*, in *stupid Reime*:
 This *Wish* will prove as vain as *Order*,
 And You'll awake in *Fright and Pother*.
 Prevent my *Fears*, and take the *Warning*;
 You may depart to *Morrow Morning*.

But now to draw tow' rds a *Conclusion*,
 And obviate your *profound Confusion*
 About the *Period* of my *Letter*;

" The *endless Joys* I tho't much better

" Than all the *Toys* which *JOHN* could give,

" Or any other *PRINCE* alive —

Is it then strange that HEAV'N should be
 Prefer'd to such a *Wretch* as *Thee*!
 Or, do's yo'r O— (think 'ee) *shine*
 With *Glory* equal to *Divine*?
 Presumptuous Man! it shocks my Frame
 The *rash Suggestion* but to name!

But lo! the *trifling poor Evasion*,
 Far fetch'd from *Alcoran Quotation*;
 Of *sens'al Joys*, and *Floods of Pleasure*,
 That MAH'MET gives us out o' Measure;
 I hate the *Turk*—and love good *Wine*;
 And drink it ev'ry Day I dine:
 But for his *gross Regale of Love*,
 In *purser Realms* and *Worlds above*,
 Let them be cheated that believe it;
 I neither wish, —nor wou'd receive it,

For Thee—if *Joy*s of every Kind
 Shall gratify the longing Mind,
 O—in Paradise may rise,
 And *W—s* and *Horse*'s glut thy Eyes.

Another *Heav'n* I hope! 'tis true;
 Where I cou'd wish to meet wi' *You*,
 Not to carouse immortal *Nectar*,
 And hear thee vaunt it, like a *Hector*,
 Of wanton Feats, in am'rous *Vain*,
 But talk in more *Seraphick Strain*,
 Purg'd from the *Follies* of a Life,
 Ill-ending in *poetick Strife*:
 'Till then I am, with Zeal most fervent,
 Yo'r injur'd—yet yo'r humble *Servant*.

POST

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Thoughts of being hang'd for *Treason*
 Alarm *KING John* at ev'ry Season;
 And make him fear the Name of *KING*,
 Shou'd hurry on his *Fate* to *swing*;
 But I'll be bound to answer *That*;
 And save him *so far* from his *Fate*.
 " I who make *KINGS*—*un-king* 'em too;
 What say 'ee—won't this *Project* do?
 If not—I have it — *Apropos* —
 A *Bedlam KING*—it shall be so.
 This clearly prov'd, as who can doubt it
 That do's but fairly set about it,

Will

Will shew the *Malice* of the *Trick*,

And save *King John*—the *Lunatick*.

But for Yo'r *Nixon*, look to That!

'Twou'd make one's Heart go *pit a pat* :

Fall'n is the *Wall*—the *Cross* is sinking !

And if—as many Folks are thinking—

A *Rupture* or *Invasion* summon

Our Troops to *Delamore's* wild Common,

The Fate of *Europe* to decide,

(By *Nixon* safe on *GEORGE'S* Side)

Old *JOHN* may rise, in solemn State,

From O—n's up to *HEAVN'S* Gate—

Stop there — I fear You'll rise no high'r

Than—plain *John*—*Esquire*.

F I N I S.



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